

*Churchyards good will.*

# Sad and heavy Ver-

ses, in the nature of an Epitaph, for  
*the losse of the Archbishop of*  
Canterbury, lately deceased, Primate  
*and Metropolitane of all*  
England.

*Written by Thomas Churchyard,*  
*Esquire.* K



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwel-  
ling in Hosier lane, neere Smith-  
field. 1604



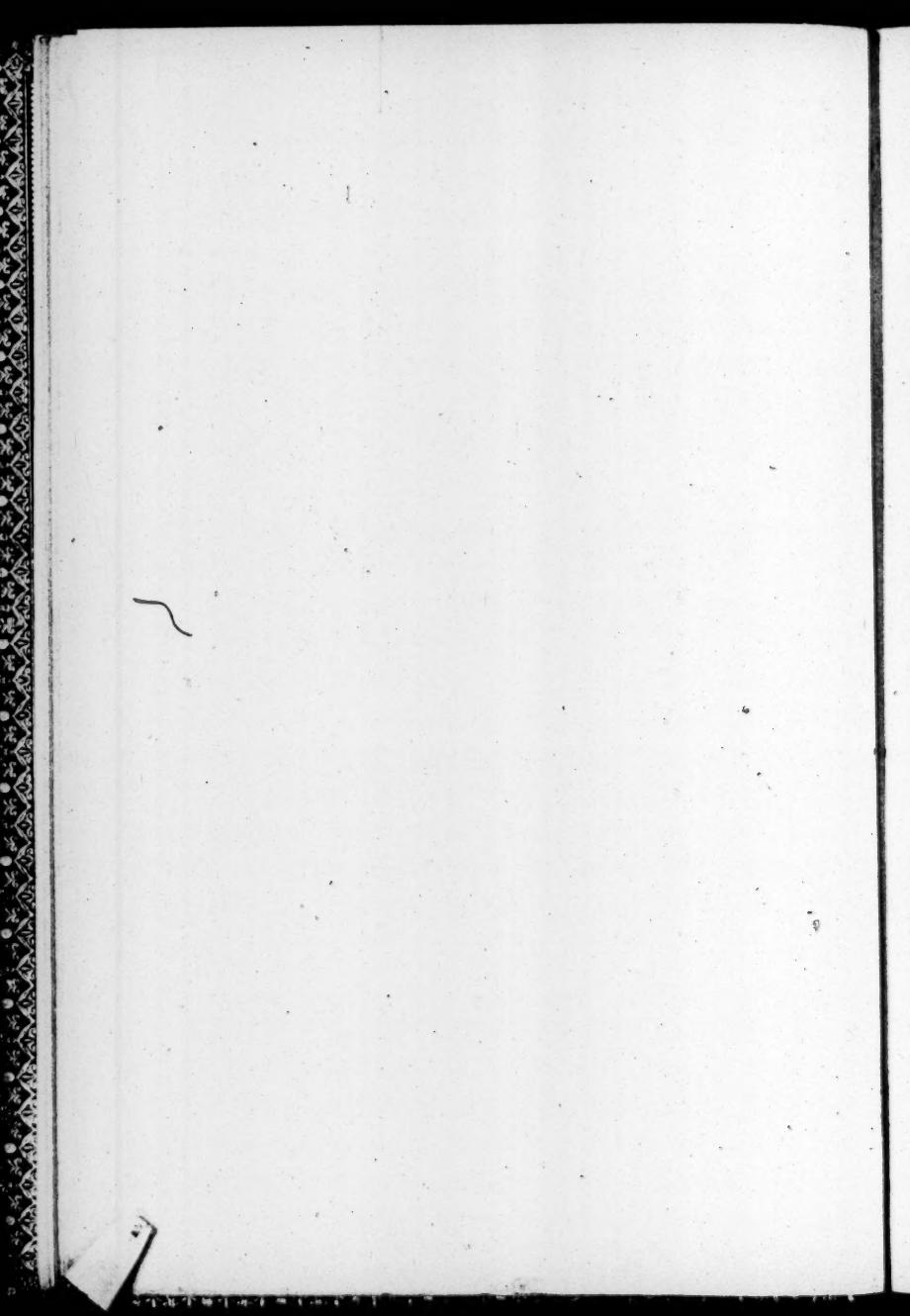
☞ To the Honourable and right  
Reuerend Father in God, D. Bancraft,  
Bishop of London.



*Y* good Lord, as Gods grace and high  
calling made you great, and in speciall  
fauour with the Rulers of this Land,  
and in that while, called your Lordship  
to be well liked of the late Archbishop  
of Canterbury, (for some your good  
vertues:) so I, in boldnesse of those good parts, dedicate  
to your Lordship, the life and death (in verse) of the  
matchlesse Archbishop of Canterbury, lately deceased.

Your Lordships at  
commaundement,

- Thomas Churchyard.





*Churchyards good will.*



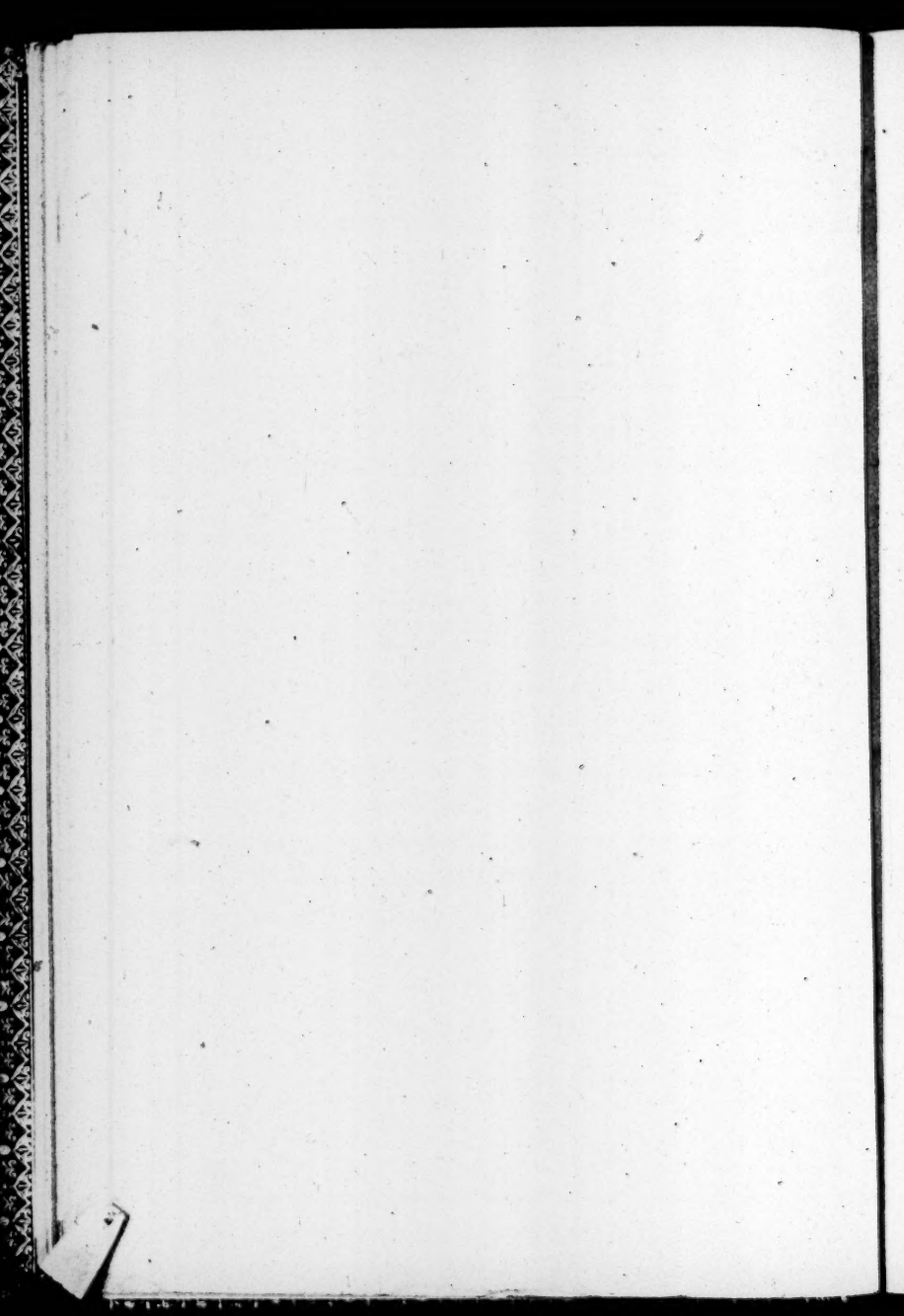
He Staffe of stay,  
from feeble tolke is gon,  
The Lanterne-light,  
of England is burnt out,  
The Spectacle,  
for world to looke vpon,

The tickle wheele, of Fortune turn'd about.  
O mortall chaunce, that giues vs all a check!  
O flattering life! Fye on thy froward fate.  
A firmy Card, is robbed from the deck:  
A Prelate great, is taken from our State,  
A'chiefe Shepheard, flies now from flock & fold,  
To leaue warm lodge, and lye in Coffin cold.

A 3

A







*Churchyards goodwill.*

A wofull change, hard dest'ny doth afford,  
To set some hye, in honour and great place,  
And in three dayes, to tumble vnder boord,  
Like lumpe of lead, to lose life, goods, and Grace.  
This tells a tale, to twenty thousand men,  
They must prepare, to goe when God doth call,  
To droop and die, the Lord knowes how & when;  
The Tree cries crack, & down the boughs do fall,  
Of all our date, the day and howre is set  
(Before mans birth) when we shall pay our det.

A 4

When









*Churchyards good will.*

When vertuous Mind, with wisdom wan the gole,  
And chaste desires, might claime a crown of prayse,  
And Grace did guide, both body, mind & soule,  
To tryumph on, bad world with blessed dayes,  
A cruell course, of sodayne sicknesse cam,  
A Palzy cold, a wooluish dead disease,  
Stept to the Fold, and tooke away the Lambe,  
Whose hasty death, did all good men displease,  
Sauethat world knows, God still takes but his own,  
To shew his power, and make his glory known,

B

*Whitegift*







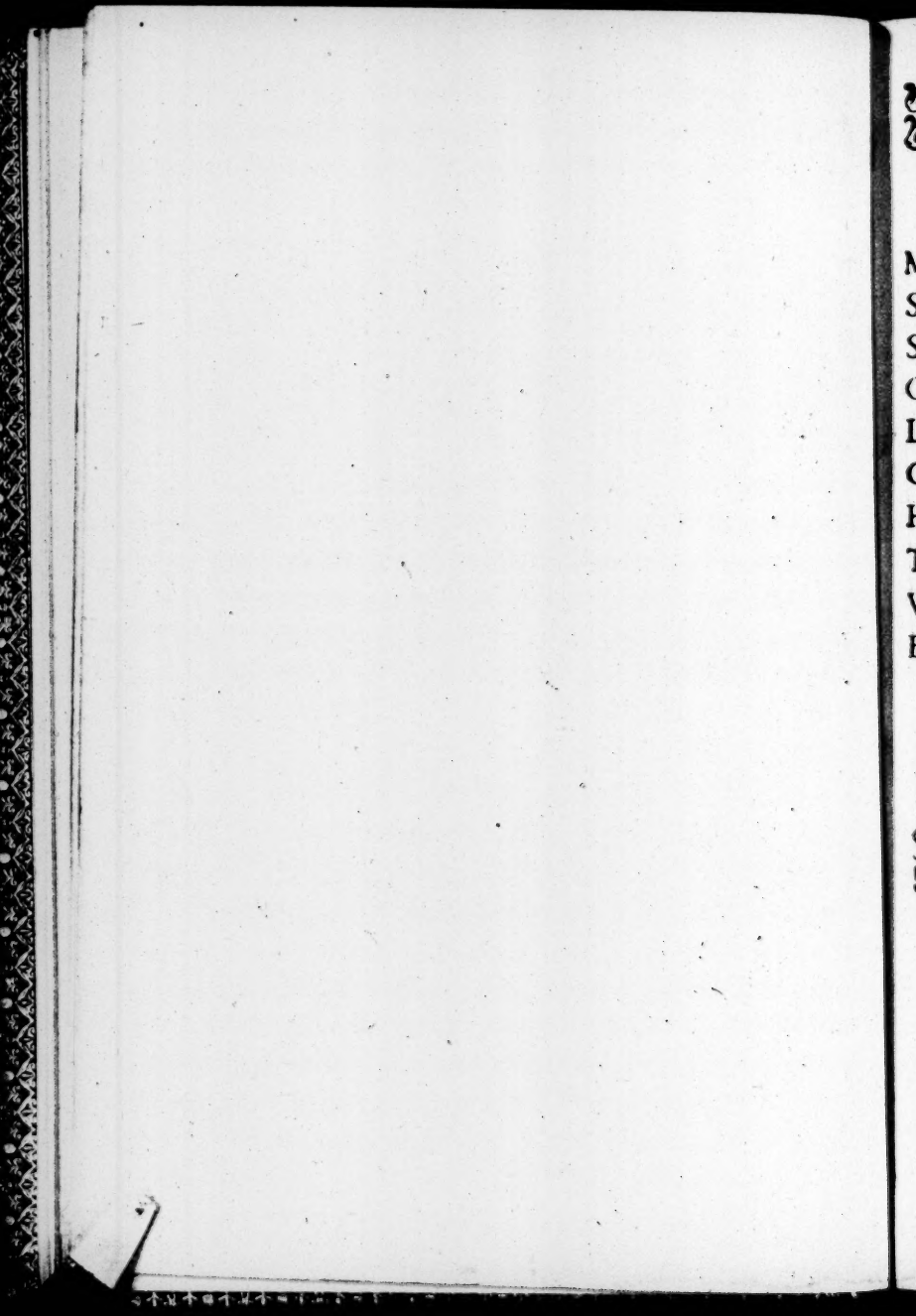
*Churchyards good will.*

*Whitegift* his name, great gifts of God he had,  
Won worthy fame, as white & black now shoes,  
His presence made, full many people glad,  
Alwayes got friends, and still reclaymed foes,  
Held liberall house, and kept a Lordly trayne,  
Fed rich and poore, with all God sent and gaue,  
Hoorded not vp, nor lou'd no greedy gayne,  
Knew that all we, shall carry nought to graue,  
But throwding sheet, good name, & true renown,  
That winnes from hence, an euerlasting Crown.

B 2

Milde,







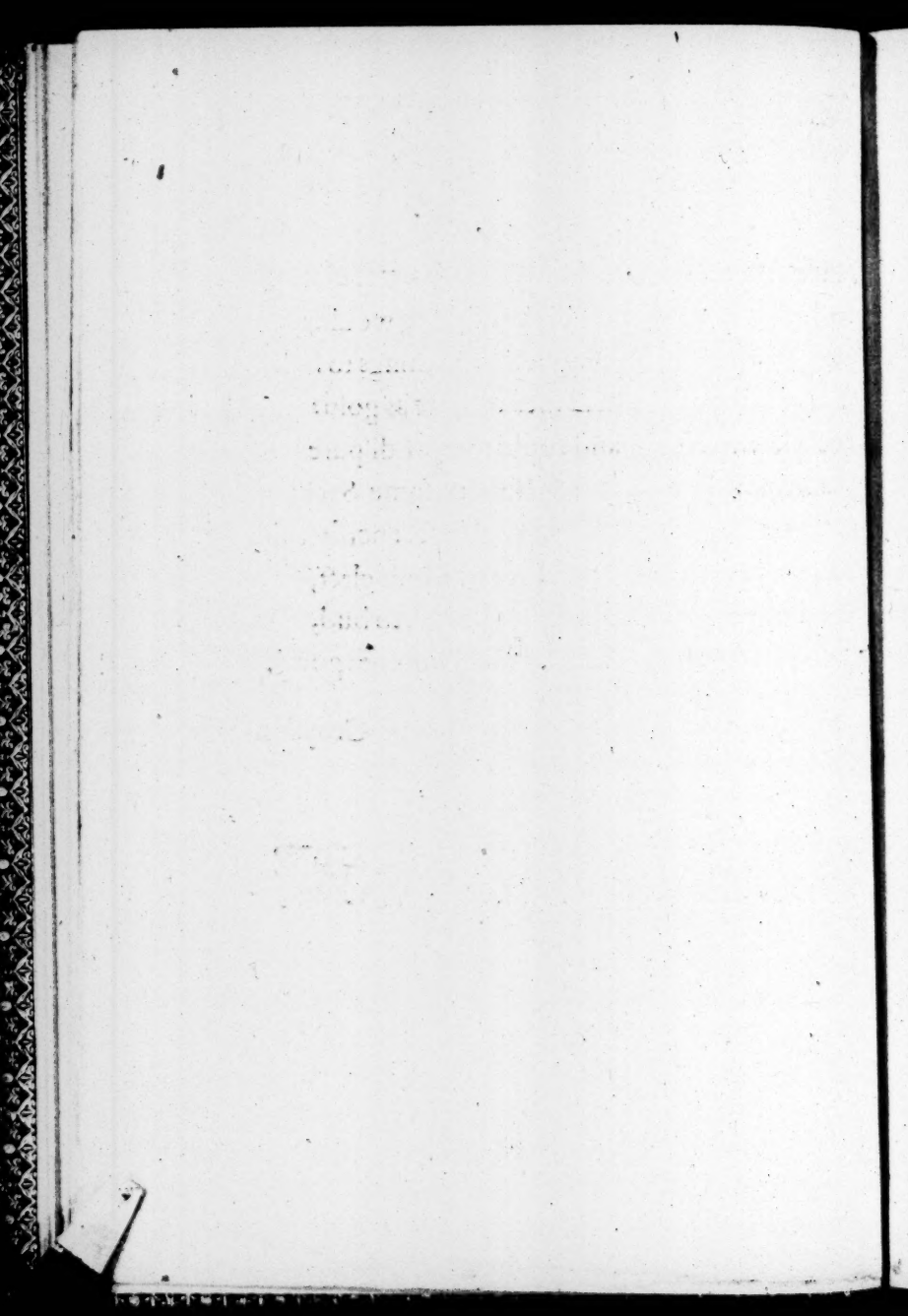
*Churchyards good will.*

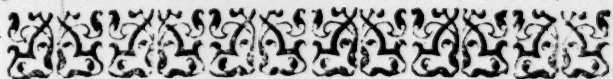
Milde, soft and sweet, (like Conduit water cleere,)  
Spake that was meet, as his hye calling would:  
Slo to sharp words, but quick good things to heere  
Of kind speech free, held silence deare as gold:  
Lou'd learned lore, and could thereof dispute  
Grauely and sound, and did subdue some Sect:  
His knowledge deep, broght forth sweet perfit fruit,  
That sprowted from, the Tree of Gods elect,  
Who suffreth not, no sprig nor branch to bud,  
But such as beares, faire fruit and blossomes good.

B 3

Croydon







*Churchyards good will.*

Croydon can shew, his works, life, laud and all,     *An Hof-*  
Croydon hath lost, the Saint of that sweet shrine,     *pitall*  
Lambeth may cry, and Canterbury may call,     *buile*  
Long for the like, with wofull weeping eyne:     *there, or*  
But few I feare, his like are left alieue,     *a Free*  
The more our grieve: a great King so did say:     *Schoole,*  
Death stole like theefe, the hony from the hiue,  
Our great Primate, in patience went away,  
Left stately Court, and Countrey at the best,  
Because he hop't, to sleepe in *Abrahams* brest.

*FINIS.*

